Tarnished Bonds

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Tarnished Bonds

by CrippledShadow

Summary

An unfortunate series of events unfold after omega Will is taken to see Dr Lecter

Notes

Inspired by the overall horrible/addictive/irresistible mess that is A/B/O and Hannigram in general. If at any point ideas sound familiar it is unintentional and I'm honestly a bit unsettled by some of the ideas my head cooks up.

This is my first attempt at teenage!AU Will and I hope the reason for Hannibal and him to meet doesn't sound too little flimsy.

Warning in advance that this is going to be a dark, nasty little fic (and I hope you all enjoy it as much as I think I will) :) xx

Original work title was Prijaukinimo -Domestication (Lithuanian) according to Google Translate

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The low drone of the air-conditioning system spluttered every few minute, the old machine struggling against the lazy wafts of dry summer air. One of the few former colleagues he had more than grudging distaste for had taken a month's paternity leave time with his mate and new baby, unusually sentimental behaviour from an alpha, and required a replacement at short notice.

Hannibal would have politely declined the request had it not been for a particularly gruelling session with Franklin earlier that day. The ill-timed as it seem email had made him uncharacteristically whimsy and decided that a month down south would be a tolerable change of scene, even if it entailed general practice medicine in a tired, backwater town.

Hannibal buzzed the next patient in and waited a respectful five minutes before heading back form the small office area to the adjoining examination room. He paused for a moment before turning the doorknob as the muffled sound of arguing quickly stopped.

“Good afternoon, my name is Doctor Lecter. Now, what was the problem today?” Hannibal asked, taking a seat in the desk chair and studying the patient history details on file. “Mr Graham?” He addressed the question to the middle aged man slouching against the wall but found his eyes drawn to the more appealing figure sitting on the examination table. He discreetly drank in the pale, toned limbs, lithe torso poorly displayed in a shapeless medical gown and a pretty, boyish face. Hannibal expected late teens but the startling dark, blue eyes showed an unexpected level of attention and intelligence.

Before the older alpha could reply the boy cut in.

“He’s worried because I still haven’t gone through heat and wants to know if I’m defective.” The boy scowled on the last word, clearly not his own opinion.

“Don’t be rude, Will. Good omegas don’t speak unless spoken to,” the father snapped.

The boy rolled his eyes but made no attempt to apologise. Interesting. He took the boy’s thin wrist without permission and scented the pulse point. In close proximity the sweetness, however faint, was unmistakably omegan. At age eighteen, just entering what was the most fertile years for most omegas, his body should have been broadcasting it’s unclaimed availability but based on his feeble scent it would not be difficult to mistake him for a beta, especially paired as it was with the distinctly arrogant, un-omegan way he was currently exhibiting. Hannibal inhaled a second time as he detected the slight chemical tang battling his natural musk. The boy was taking suppressants.

Will attempted to pull his hand back, discomfort creeping across his delicate features at last.

“Doctor Lecter…?”

No pharmacy would sell suppressant medication to an unclaimed omega, at the very least not stronger than the low level generic pills. The little omega was clearly resourceful as well as

intelligent, concealing it deftly from the foolish father.

“It’s true that most omegas enter heat by age fifteen but late bloomers do not necessarily mean cause for concern. You may wait outside now Mr Graham.”

“I’d rather stay-”

“This won’t take long,” Hannibal cut the lesser alpha off and after a moment of hesitation he crossed to the door with a disgruntled sigh, closing it harder than necessary.

“Alright, Will. Lay back and slip your feet through these stirrups.” Hannibal folded the leg supports up from under the examination table and guided Will’s ankles to rest on the elevated stirrups, spreading his legs. “I’m going to examine your hole now,” Hannibal continued, pulling on a latex glove. “Try and relax as much as possible to reduce discomfort.”

Will gasped as two thick fingers pressed in dry.

“Hush now,” Hannibal scolded, adding another finger and scissoring the digits callously.

The alpha continued his brisk ministrations, smiling softly as he watched the omega coming apart under his touch.

Will’s eyes screwed tightly closed as he tried to hold back tears, the hospital gown bunched around his hips to give a pleasurable view of trembling calves and thighs stretched wide above his head.

Hannibal knew when he’d found the spot he was looking for, a sudden wetness of slick seeping around his fingers and a surprised ‘oh’ above him.

“Good boy,” the alpha praised, patting the back of Will’s knee with the other hand. “Nothing seems out of order.” He increased the rough fingering with satisfaction as he noticed more evidence of the omega’s arousal.

“Please, stop,” Will whimpered weakly. He clenched as if trying to close his legs against the intrusion but was too far gone to remember to remove his feet from the simple plastic footholds.

“We’re almost done now,” Hannibal murmured, rubbing directly over his prostate till the omega came with a pitiful whimper.

“Now that wasn’t so hard, was it Will?” The alpha withdrew his fingers and dropped the glove in the bin before lowering Will’s legs back to rest on the table. “You may get dressed now while I talk to your father about the next steps in your treatment.”

Hannibal found the alpha halfway down the hallway, inhaling deeply from a cigarette.

“This is a medical facility.” Hannibal barely concealed a grimace as the other man simply dropped the cigarette and ground it out against the tiles.

“There is no simple process for inducing heat but certain behavioural modifications may help.”

“What’s that gonna involve?”

“Nothing painful or dangerous.”

“I’ll level with you, doc, I’ve been holding out for a good bride price for him. Will’s already eighteen and I can’t even start advertising till he’s gone through heat unless I want to get sued for selling someone a defective bitch. No one’s gonna want him if he’s not a virgin or can’t be bred.
I can keep him tucked away at home for now but once the summer holidays are over it’s gonna be very hard to keep him from being broken in before I can set a price, if you know what I mean.”

Hannibal pursed his lips. Of course. The practice of mating omegas young was universally normal and parents often were involved in the selection of appropriate mates, occasionally accepting money in exchange. However, the expected age to be mated ranged from early twenties down to sixteen. An of age omega who elected to remain single offered him or herself up to some very unpleasant discrimination in most employment fields and general society.

“I understand your concerns but I am going to need cooperation from both of you.”

“I’ll make sure he does everything you say.”

“Good.The receptionist will schedule daily appointments for the next 2-3 weeks, depending on how quickly he progresses,” Hannibal paused, mulling over the correct words. “This could be a most promising case study, Mr Graham. If this proves effective I wonder whether you would be willing to sign over permission for my findings to be published for training other disobedient omegas. No names included of course.”

“I guess there’s no harm in that.”

“That’s very noble and generous of you. But, I would advise you not to mention anything to Will; the idea of concealed recording devices would only panic him.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Very touched and flattered by the number of lovely responses :)
>
> P.s Since I got a few comments on this topic I would like to say that while I love fics when Will's dad is a decent guy and they get along well, for my purposes he just needed to be an ignorant, prejudiced bastard.

Will's face still burned from the look the hotel receptionist had given him when his asked for H. Lecter's room number as he climbed the stairs. The woman had looked him up and down, taking in his weathered clothes and deciding there was only one reason why an alpha of Lecter's calibre would be entertaining him during the evening.

I could be his nephew, or his son, Will thought furiously.

He hesitated outside the door before slowly rising his hand to knock.

"Good evening, Will, please come in." The door opened with a flourish and he was ushered inside.

"Don't loiter in the doorway, Will."

Will shuffled his feet awkwardly before following the alpha through the lavish sitting room to the kitchen.

"Would you like to join me for a glass of wine?

"That feels like a gag of some kind," Will replied warily.

Hannibal chuckled. "If you are old enough now to be mated then one drink will not do too much harm. Go and sit down in the lounge and I will be right with you."

He was enjoying seeing Will out of his comfort zone and the little displays of obedience to cover how at a loss he was. He poured out two glasses and stirred a small slip of power taken from his personal medical supplies into one before taking both and the opened bottle back to the front room.

"Thank you." Will took the glass and drank half at once. "Not old enough to legally get drunk but totally old enough to start making babies."

"An arguable point." Hannibal took the matching armchair and sipped his own glass.

“If this is a medical appointment, why are we here instead of the clinic?”

“Although I originally trained in medicine I am also a practicing psychiatrist; it seemed better to spend some time in a less intimidating environment first.

“I’m surprised Dad’s forking out for therapy too,” Will sighed, draining the rest of his wine. Hannibal refilled his glass.

“If you are more comfortable commencing sessions away from the surgery I can arrange for the equipment needed to be transferred here.”

Will shook his head. “That sounds even worse.”

“Now, am I right in assuming you didn’t have an omega parent modelling correct behaviour as a child?”

“Mum was a beta, and yes, she left when I was three.”

Hannibal allowed a few more minutes of conversation and coaxed Will to finish two more glasses of wine before setting his own barely touched glass down.

“Come here, Will.” Hannibal beckoned.

Will stood unsteadily and shuffled the short distance between their bodies, his hesitation probably a combination of actual nerves and the sedative slipped into his wine. The alpha guided Will to knee at his feet and angled his head to rest on his own lap, curved forward enough to display the creamy, unblemished skin of his throat.

“What are you doing?” Will murmured.

“It’s pretty clear that you were not gentled enough as a child. Omegas thrive under the touch and praise of their superior alpha counterparts.”

Will grunted something inaudible into his thigh but didn’t attempt to shake off the hand gently stroking through his hair and over his nape.

“How long have you been taking suppressants, Will? Speak clearly now.”

“About two years. Dad doesn’t notice anything and most people at school just assume I’m a beta. I don’t need an alpha anyway,” the little omega slurred. “All I really wanted since I was a kid was to be a cop.”

“So you’re prepared to lie for the remainder of your life and hope no one ever gets close enough to smell what you’re hiding under those suppressants? Have no chance of an intimate relationship or a family?”

“Maybe I don't want to have children.”

Hannibal continued his gentle caresses until the little omega started to doze. He shifted Will against him to rest his cheek against his crotch. The boy mumbled something, nuzzling closer to the heat and breathed in the alpha musk.

“My, my,” Hannibal muttered as he felt himself starting to get hard. Will continued to murmur as he snuggled into the alpha’s body and unconsciously tilted his posterior up in offering. It would be delightful to pop the boy’s cherry now and pay the compensation fee to his father later. The man had already made it quite clear he wouldn’t be overly concerned about what kind of alpha he sold his son to as much as the most desirable brideprice.

Hannibal carefully hooked one arm around Will’s torso, lifting under his knees with the other to move him to the couch. Laying Will down on his back, Hannibal retrieved his medical bag and lifted the boy’s shirt.

“What are you doing?” The barely audible question came as a surprise as the alpha leaned down over his patient and carefully injected the clear hormone fluid into his flat belly.

Injecting hormones over the course of the following weeks would not be enough to induce heat while the boy was still using suppressants. He would need to find an excuse to visit the house and replace the majority of the pills with placebos.

“Shh, back to sleep now.”

Will struggled into a sitting position, panicked for a moment before realising he was back in his bedroom but with no memory of how he’d gotten home.

His head throbbed as he made to stand, running his hands over his body checking for any other pains or injuries. His shoes and socks had been removed he was relieved to feel that the rest of his clothes were still on.

As he opened the door he could make out voices drifting up the stairs form the kitchen and stopped halfway down, crouching just out of sight to listen.

“Just a signature down the bottom here to verify that you are informed and consenting to Will attending sessions outside normal clinic hours. It will be much more convenient.”
“I appreciate how much time you're offering to dedicate to helping with his problems but I’m sure you can understand why I’m a bit concerned.”

“I am only aware of Will’s secondary gender through information revealed in confidence and I do not believe in abusing patient/doctor confidentiality. He is perfectly safe in my company.” On the last sentence the doctor looked up over the older man’s head directly as the figure on the stairs.

Startled Will scampered back up the stairs.

It had been easier than he could have hoped for breaking into the Graham's house as the father, still snoring drunkenly from the night before, had neglected to lock the back door. After depositing the sedated omega on his bed it had only taken a few minutes to find the bottle of suppressants tucked away at the back of the boy's cupboard and replace the majority of them with placebos.

He had returned to his hotel in the early hours and waited several hours before going back with the disclosure contract he'd prepared for Graham to sign. He shifted his hand to hide a smile as he recognised the omega's sweet, immature scent although the boy hurried back to his room conveniently before they had reached the key point of their discussion.

"It would be useful therapeutically if you modify your behaviour a little around him. Fortunately Will seems relatively competent at household chores but he needs to be more used to being touched. A good omega has no right to cringe from contact or desire privacy in regards to their body."

"What do you mean? Like squeezing his arse while he's hanging out the laundry?"

Hannibal struggled not to sigh.

"I wouldn't go to that extreme although lack of gentling and simple physical contact is most likely linked to Will's inappropriate, rebellious behaviour now. Becoming more accustomed to casual touch from an alpha would be very beneficial, a simple clap on the shoulder or perhaps a playful smack on the buttocks if the context seems appropriate."

Standing again he tucked the document back into his briefcase. "I expect you will be noticing promising changes in your son within a fortnight."

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warning: Med kink, so much med kink ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"As a mated omega your most important tasks are to please your alpha, maintain their house and all domestic chores, and of course, in the statistically more likely event of a male mate, provide healthy children. Although an omega should always be respectful and obedient in the presence of alphas an adult unclaimed omega can also be expected to be used for sexual release by any unrelated alpha who desires them. I assume you were told in health class about the correct way to position yourself?"

"No, not really…" Will stuttered.

Of course, Will would not have been able to maintain his beta guise at school if classes were divided therefore only learning the bare minimum in accordance with broader course guide, addressing males and females rather than secondary genders. Increasing numbers of schools separated the sexes and secondary genders for physical education, in theory to avoid embarrassment on discussing areas such as menstruation and heat cycles, although often leading to unintentional discrimination of the minor genders.

The corners of his mouth curved up slightly as he gestured to the examination table.

"Very well, I will instruct you. Bend over the table so that your weight is supported by your torso."

Will complied slowly, tugging the gown tightly around himself as the motion made the material slip open.

"There's no need to feel embarrassed, Will," Hannibal tutted, leaving his place behind the desk. "Now, spread your legs apart and tilt up your buttocks."

The boy's cheeks flushed as he shifted into position, back arched slightly to raise his arse temptingly.

"Good. Finally, using your hands spread your cheeks open so that your hole is clearly visible. In the presence of a respected rank alpha or any holding significance over you personally such as your employer, most would agree that you must present your hole for copulation without being told to. As long as you remain unmated any alpha male retains the right to penetrate and knot your hole anywhere or at any time. I hope that over the next few weeks you will begin to understand how self destructive your choices are and that bonding is in

every omega's best interests. You will not break position without permission. Is that clear, Will?"

"Yes," Will replied shortly.

Hannibal returned to his desk and set the timer on his phone. "Two hours should be enough to start with."

Hannibal glanced up from his iPad every few minutes to check on his patient's progress. The little omega's legs began to quiver after twenty minutes but didn't complain above an occasional whimper.

"Alright Will, we're almost done for the day. Hop up on the table."

Will stood clumsily and perched on the edge of the table.

Hannibal turned his back to the table to check the equipment arranged carefully on the medical trolly, wheeling it back with him. Will's eyes widened as he noticed a selection of anal plugs lined up on the trolly, ranging upwards in size.

"Before we move onto the next stage of your therapy I'm going to give you an injection. Kindly move onto your hands and knees."

"But-"

"The sooner you obey the sooner the discomfort will be over," Hannibal interrupted briskly, readying the needle. "Good boy," he praised as the boy silently obeyed.

Will inhaled sharply as the medical swab touched the skin on the small of his back but stayed still for the needlepoint breaking through his skin. The doctor let his other hand brush along Will's nape before pulling at the tie on the back of the gown.

"What are you doing?" Will's hand left the table to try and grab the edges of the material.

"Calm down now, Will. We now are moving onto practicing how you would present yourself for your mate."

The omega looked confused unsurprisingly, unsure what that behaviour had to do with the other processes but struggled to articulate his protests. It was a mark of how much had already been modified in the the young omega that he didn't react very differently and Hannibal could see that all he needed was a little push.

Hannibal laid a hand on the back of Will's neck, applying slight pressure as the other rested on the small of his back. "Lower your head and torso to the table, lift up your hips and arch your back. This position is very pleasing and allows for more comfort during long breeding sessions such as during a heat cycle."

Will allowed himself to be moved into position, debasing himself again as he presented his pert little arse to be knotted and bred.

It was a wonder how quickly the lack of suppressant medication showed in Will's behaviour even in the minor releases such as vocalising his distress in pleasing whimpers and moans, and responding more submissively to certain commands.

Hannibal pulled on a pair of latex gloves and selected the first plug, deliberately keeping the movement slow and measured to ensure his patient saw what he was doing.

"As you know, regular knotting or stimulation to the same effect is very beneficial, particularly in preparation for mating as bonded omegas can be expected to be knotted on a daily basis and engage in some form of sexual activity between 1-4 times a day. To begin with you will only be taking an adolescent knot plug and move gradually upwards." As he spoke the alpha applied a thin layer of lube to the plug. "Keep yourself as still as you can while I insert it."

Will whimpered as the blunt tip pushed past his tight rim, slowly easing it into his body. It would have been kinder to prepare the boy more aptly with his fingers but after all there was no guarantee that an alpha mate would have the patience to arouse and gently stretch their male omegas before seeing to their own needs.

"It hurts."

"That cannot be helped until your body learns to respond. To help maximise the effect I will have to restrain you to the table."

Before Will could protest the alpha drew four thick bands from under the table, wrapping two around his wrists and through small metal hoops at the table's corners which he had failed to notice before. The doctor moved around to restrain his ankles in the same manner and then moved out of his line of vision. Will craned his head back trying to see.

"I will be with you in a moment, Will," Hannibal said reassuringly, returning to the table dragging an IV stand and carrying another device.

"What's that for?" Will asked, staring wide-eyed.

"This is used for reproducing the breeding and knotting processes," Hannibal explained.

Hannibal attached the plug to the knotting machine and hung an IV bag of synthetic alpha semen mixed with saline beside the table. He threaded the plastic tube into the plug and switched on the machine.

"Oh," the omega gasped as the handle attached to the plug slowly began to move back and forth, creating a steady thrusting motion of the artificial cock against his sensitive walls.

Hannibal moved one of the patient chairs to the examination table to watch the little omega, barely supressing a satisfied growl as the boy's gasps changed to moans and higher pitched keens of pleasure. Standing again the alpha adjusted the setting and heard the breathless gasp

as he came moments later, the deeper and rougher strokes against his prostate too much for the immature body to endue long. Triggered by the boy's orgasm the knot started to expand and Will cried out in alarm. Hannibal pressed a button on the machine to release a round of artificial sperm.

"Very well down, Will," Hannibal said, setting the timer on the knotting machine to repeat the ejaculations every few minutes. When the saline bag had emptied Hannibal unbuckled the plug from the knotting machine, placing a plastic cap over the IV hole to stop any of the liquid leaking and untied his patient.

"I would like you to continue wearing this knot plug for a minimum of eight hours a day. As falling asleep while knotted is a necessary skill for a mated omega it would be easiest to do so at night. I'll call your father in now so I can show him how to manually remove the plug so that he will be able to take it out in the mornings and put it back in before you go to bed."

"What?" Will struggled to sit up, wincing at the painful pressure.

"As an omega it's important for you to be comfortable with exposing your body and allowing others to touch your hole. I know you may find elements of your treatment embarrassing but this is entirely necessary, Will."

"Please don't make me ask him to do that," Will whimpered, the delicious fear and humiliation apparent in his voice.

Behind his carefully crafted mask, Hannibal grinned triumphantly.

"That's very disappointing, Will. I had hoped you were beginning to improve but no matter." Hannibal crossed to his desk, picking up a pen and sheet of paper. "In order to correct your unseemly behaviour as quickly as possible and induce heat I am rescheduling your appointments for twice a day starting tomorrow. A vigorous breeding session with the stimulated knot twice a day will work wonders on your physical and mental health."

He had already cleared the first hour of patients in preparation every day for the next two weeks.

Hannibal walked back over to his trembling patient and tilted the boy's chin up to look at him. "I will be discussing your progress on a weekly basis with your father and as you are not comfortable letting him help you remove and reinsert the plug then I'm afraid you will have to leave it in until our next session."

Chapter End Notes

Full body cringe but still smiling Umm so...please leave me a comment if you don't think I'm that weird

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"No thank you, Mr Graham," Hannibal replied curtly in response to the awkward offer of refreshment. "Are you expecting Will back anytime soon?"

"Nah, won't be back from the library for a few hours. He asked my permission to go out. Asked! It's been a long time since the little bitch's done that. You're a good influence on him." Graham reached out to clap him on the shoulder.

"I'm glad to hear it," Hannibal replied, deftly covering the reflex cringe at the contact from such a revolting creature.

By the end of the second week he had moved Will up to the final knot plug, enjoying watching the way the boy fidgeted in the waiting room and almost had forgot his self-conciseness in his eagerness to get it removed, pulling his pants down and bending over the examination table the moment the door closed behind him. It had been immensely pleasant watching the little omega wait an additional three hours hooked up to the knotting machine, through the camera he'd installed in the storeroom, as he saw to other patients.

Bent over a filing cabinet with his jeans still around his ankles and whimpering in pain as the fake knot continued to pump the fluid into him, his omega had never looked so enticing. By the end slick had begun to dribble past the plug, his hole so stretched and wet. Several times Hannibal had almost forgot to minimise the silent feed on his computer as the next patient was let in.

Although the lessons in correct omega behaviour would not play an active role in inducing heat Will was slowly being taught to associate pleasure and relief with the sessions and was altering his behaviour and thought processes. A few weeks more and he expected he could have Will conditioned to present just from clicking his fingers rather than a verbal command if he has a mind to.

"Have you had made any progress in the way of suitors?" Hannibal asked casually.

"A few in mind but can't officially start haggling yet. Still, I should be able to guarantee a short courtship, in exchange for a ten percent bonus on the first three children. "

Hannibal regarded the older alpha over his folded fingertips.

As much as man claimed to be a civilised being the desire to leave a legacy was still ingrained deeply, meaning that predicted fertility was a prized trait in prospective omega mates. Although the desires to breed, dominate and control were almost essential alpha traits Hannibal personally did not see the appeal to children. That was not to say that the idea of

Will swelling with their child was not appealing on a purely instinctual level, growing more docile and dependant on him as the pregnancy progressed.

“From a purely clinical prospective I would have to say that the best course of action for Will’s mental health would be having a child,” he paused, considering the correct wording for a layman. “In order for him to remain firm in his convictions and ambition he can only focus on the arguable disadvantages of his gender. Without the healthy release during heat and no positives, in his perspective, he acts aggressively. Being forced to confront the natural purposes of his body and be granted something precious in return would almost certainly curb the last of his insolent behaviour.”

Hannibal inhaled sharply as he stepped into the waiting room, closing the door quietly and treading silently across the carpet.

Will didn’t lift his face from his hands, hunched forward in his seat. Apart from the slight quivering to his shoulders the boy could have been sleeping, such a delightful show of vulnerability. However, it was the subtle sweet scent that drew him closer, confirming what he had hoped for the past two days as he discreetly scented his omega. The diminishing amounts of suppressants the boy was receiving combined with the hormone injections had finally started to induce heat.

“Will, what are you doing here? Did your father not tell you I had to cancel your appointment?” No such conversation had taken place.

“Umm no, sorry.” Will made an attempt to straighten himself up in his seat, unconsciously displaying his throat as he did so.

“A matter has arisen with another patient that could not be deferred till tomorrow,” Hannibal replied as he shifted the hand still resting on Will’s shoulder to brush the nape with his thumb. “Would you like me to call your father?”

A useless curtesy. On the slim chance that the other alpha was home he would not be in a fit state to drive or probably even hear the phone. A few discreet inquires had confirmed his own initial judgement of the older man, spending every other Friday evening in a pub with next to no interest into what his child was doing.

Will shook his head and stood to go, stumbling into the older man.

“Will, are you feeling alright?” Hannibal asked as he lowered Will back into the chair.

“Sorry, just tired.”

“It could be a side effect relating to the treatment but as it happens I do have enough time to examine you quickly. Come.”

Will stood up somewhat clumsily and followed him into the examination room. Hannibal resisted the urge to grab as the boy brushed past him through the door.

“Lay down on the table.”

After the routine examination had been completed Hannibal helped Will off the table and guided him back to the empty waiting room.

“I’ll see you tomorrow for our last appointment.”

“Last?” Will asked. The omega glanced up at him vaguely, too far gone to shy away from the hand on the small of his back.

“Yes, tomorrow is my last day at this clinic and unless your normal GP feels it should be continued your treatment will be concluded. I will need to take some blood and slick samples but I am confident that they will confirm that your body is preparing for heat within the next seven days.” Hannibal fished a card out of his jacket and pressed it into Will’s hand. “Just in case you develop any other symptoms during the night.”

It had been harder than he’d thought sending Will away. Judging by the ripening scent the little omega would succumb within an hour, no doubt the only reason Will had not noticed his body’s warning signs was that he still believed he was on suppressants.

Chapter End Notes

Dun, dun, dun!!! ;)

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Brief mentions of gang rape and Will's dad continues to be a bastard.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The evening air was still warm and humid although the sky had begun to darken. Will stopped to lean against the wall. He was less than halfway home but was almost breathless and felt uncomfortably hot. As he braced his weight against the cool bricks Will felt the thin layer of sweat coating his heated skin and a jarring pain through his stomach.

"No, not now," Will whimpered aloud as he doubled over in pain, finally recognising what was happening to him.

Will flinched as cold water splashed across his face. Gingerly he tried to stand using the edge of the tub for support but fell back with a wince at the pressure the movement put on his lower body.

The microwave clock had read just past midnight when he limped through the door, a little over seven hours since he'd left the clinic.

Hands holding his wrists and pressing his face down against the bonnet of the car. The pocketknife dragged down his legs and impatient hands yanked away the shredded pieces of his jeans.

He had glimpsed the bruising along his throat, hips and wrists and could feel the string of further markings to his thighs but couldn't bring himself to fully assess his injuries. The dark red water collected beneath him still thick with other body fluids though the initial heat was over.

Rasping grunts and the slap of skin against skin as the boy above and behind him thrust clumsily, nails digging into his hips for better purchase. Another moving to take the other's place as soon as one had finished…

"Will, hurry up or I'm gonna be late."

The omega startled at the husky bark from the other side of the door. Had the man not been hungover again it would have been a shouted command.

"Just a minute," Will called, hastily forcing himself to stand and grabbing a towel as the door opened without waiting. The alpha froze in the doorway, the smell of blood and fresh slick

too obvious even for a weak alpha. He stared silently at the visible bruises marking Will's neck and arms, eyes traveling down to the slick still dribbling down his legs and pool of diluted blood at his feet.

"What the hell have you done…? Fuck!"

"Dad, just don't," Will pleaded as he was pulled forward and pushed to bend over the sink.

"Shut up," his father growled, yanking the towel from around Will's waist. "Now spread em."

Will bit his lip against the pathetic whimper attempting to escape at both the roughness of the grip on his arm and probing fingers between his legs, the gruff tone hurting much more than usual due to his head still awash with hormones. The omega sank back to his knees on the floor as soon as he was able, fumbling for the towel to cover up again automatically.

"Stupid tart just like she was," the alpha muttered, one hand scratching at his beard. After a long pause the alpha turned back to his son. "You're going to tell me who you let fuck you right now."

The surgery would not open for another half an hour but promised to be remarkably uneventful with only two appointments. Will most likely would not show up but if that required an 'impromptu' house call he would not mind especially. Hannibal laid down his pencil to admire the rough sketch.

His omega huddled against the wall of a closed shop, partially obscured by the battered silver bins. Will's hands gripped the hem of his tattered shirt desperately trying to cover himself. Slim and bare pale thighs were streaked with semen and dried slick although the lines of blood obscured by the crouching position.

He would capture the image properly with colour at a later date.

After applying some scent blocker to his glands and injecting himself with a mild sedative to counter natural rut response Hannibal had waited an additional five minutes, long enough for to be far enough from the surgery to not be suspicious. Even with the drug in his own system the little omega's delicious pheromones furled out temptingly as he followed him from a safe distance. He scented the small group of alpha runts moments before Will did; four boys most likely no older than Will and would not have given him a second thought only a few months ago.

Hannibal watched with equal satisfaction and rage as his omega was wrestled face down over a parked car, clothes all but torn off his body in their eagerness at the virgin scent. His poor darling should have known better than to struggle or try to deny what he owed to any alpha. He didn't; although that was far from a deterrent to the young alphas.

While he would not accept any failure to submit once he was Will's rightful alpha, Hannibal did not wish to see the natural fiery spirit extinguished completely, merely contained and stoked only in the direction he chose.

When he had Will the first time it would not be over the examination table or even in his hotel room; he would have his omega in his bed, setting the precedent for their next thirty or so years together.

Though Hannibal had decided some time ago that it would only benefit his long term plans if he were to settle for being Will's last alpha, though not his first, he still felt his hands curl into fists as he watched inferior creatures ravage a body that belonged to him.

Poor 'broken', 'fallen' omega…

His musings were interrupted by a pounding on the door. Hannibal suppressed an amused smirk and pushed his drawing out of sight as moments later the door opened to reveal his omega's father, the receptionist right behind him.

"I'm sorry doctor, I tried to explain-" the alpha girl began, glaring hotly at the older man.
"It's perfectly fine Gretchen," Hannibal interrupted. "Would you please close the door."

"What the fuck did you do to him?" Graham shouted as the door clicked closed louder than necessary.

"Mr Graham, I suggest you lower your voice and choose your next words carefully." Hannibal didn't rise from behind his desk as he saw no need for posturing. "Have you noticed a new change as a result of Will's behavioural modification training?"

"He only staggered home god knows when last night, trailing slick with a gaping cunt."

"So he has finally entered heat?" Hannibal folded his hands on the table but let himself lean forward slightly in interest, regardless of already being aware. "And I take it that the timing was… inopportune. That is quite an accusation."

The parents of underage omegas were entitled to minimal compensation if the child's virginity was taken prior to an agreed upon mating however if the event had taken place during heat the parent was within their rights to sue the other party for damages, often returning reasonably compensated for the lost investment compared to the pittance from the government.

"You don't have to be a genius to put two and two together," the man growled.

"Ah, so Will has not told you whom so you assume that I took advantage of him in his vulnerable state."

The other man laid his palms on the desk edge, clearly attempting to intimidate unsuccessfully.

"I am not responsible for Will's incident, Mr Graham; that is entirely down to you," Hannibal said briskly as the old alpha bristled furiously. "Young omegas should not be permitted or better yet, made to walk home alone at night particularly when potentially on the verge of heat, as Will has been for the past two weeks."

Some of the anger left the other man's face and with it the energy.

“If you persist with your accusations I will comply. Then after wasting police time and subjecting Will to more humiliation I can guarantee you won’t get anymore help in locating the alpha or alphas that were responsible if Will doesn't know, or is reluctant to divulge names. You will be given the small payment in compensation but have next to no chance of mating him off now, especially if you make a spectacle of what happened to him.”

“So that's it then,” Graham said, sinking into a chair at last.

Hannibal leant back casually as he watched the weak alpha. It really was too easy.

“As it happens I do have a proposition that benefits you both greatly.”

“What?”

“I would be willing to take Will off your hands although it goes without saying that I will not be paying the original price due to damages. The courtship will be concluded today and I shall be taking him with me as soon as conceivably possible. It would be in your interest to agree because as you said, there won't be any better offers.”

“I’ll-have to think about it-”

“No, I don’t think so.” Hannibal pushed back his chair and crossed to the door. “You have made your unsavoury intentions clear already and do not think there's any way to milk more money simply with time. Before the price is settled I will need to run some tests so bring Will in for his scheduled appointment later today. In the meantime, you are not to touch him under any circumstances.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry my dears, no hannigram heat sex (yet) ;)

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Hey everyone,
>
> As some of you already know I did update today already but then decided I didn't want to split ch6 into two tiny chapters. All information will be covered again briefly in the next chapter but would still recommend reading the whole thing.
>
> Just to rehash, this is not a nice story, it's nasty and objectifying (Love/am afraid of fandoms)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

> “There’s no need to be nervous.”
>
> Will flinched visibly at the quiet click of the bedroom door closing behind them, eyes fixed on the floor a few metres in front of the bed and hunched into himself as if still trying to hide.
>
> The modern world was much simpler than the elaborate courting and negotiation process of previous times. Three days after extending his offer of interest the necessary documents had been signed and he had relocated his new omega to his home in Baltimore.
>
> “I’m not,” he mumbled.
>
> “Good, you have no reason to be.” Hannibal laid his cufflinks and tie on the dressing table slowly as he watched the boy. “Strip.”
>
> Will’s hands shook as he unbuttoned his shirt and tugged down his jeans, toeing off his shoes and socks and dropped the clothes on top. Although Hannibal had seen Will in various stages of undress over the past few weeks he still found the slow reveal enjoyable, delighting in the fact that he was finally able to touch as much as he wanted.
>
> Walking up to the omega Hannibal let his hands drift slowly down the the narrow waist to his hips, digging his thumbs into Will’s boxer briefs and tugged the material down his legs. He allowed himself a moment to drink in the view of smooth creamy skin (still marred in places by inferior hands) and delicate frame.
>
> “Look at me.” Hannibal tilted Will’s chin up with one hand, the other tracing along his pale throat. “You have no reason to be nervous. Do you understand?”
>
> Will let out a single choked sob but let himself be guided to the bed. Hannibal placed a hand between Will’s shoulder blades, prompting him into position: chest lowered and pelvis tilted

up invitingly. The boy's already red cheeks flushed darker as the hands spread him further, embarrassed at such focused attention on his hole.

"This will only hurt if you try to resist. Try to enjoy it," Hannibal chided, giving little warning before easing two fingers past the still tight rim.

Despite obvious efforts to control them the omega's dry sobs continued as the fingers spread and scissored, preparing him roughly with almost clinical detachment. Although he was aware that Will's body was still recovering from his violent heat, that his sore hole would be troubling him still and he was littered with scraps and bruises, Hannibal could not bring himself to be slow or gentle, so lost in eager anticipation.

If his Will was so intoxicating in his current state then Hannibal had no doubt he would be lost to him entirely during the omega's next heat. The thought was not sullied by the humbling factor, rather it reinforced his certainty that he had chosen well.

Hannibal withdrew his fingers and stood to remove his own clothes. After a moment's near silence Will turned his head still resting on his forearms as he watched his alpha in turn. The fear apparent on his face was beautifully intermixed with the traces of curiosity. It was difficult to shed his expensive garments correctly but forced himself not to simply drop them to crinkle on the floor in haste all the while pretending not to notice Will's hesitant gaze. Finally the alpha knelt on the bed, taking hold of Will's hips and pushing himself in smoothly to the hilt.

Despite his harsh words, the knowledge that several others had used his mate's body did not concern him. As pleasant as the notion of being Will's first and last alpha was, Hannibal understood it would be more helpful to his cause in the long term if Will knew the alpha wanted him regardless of past record. The desire to be rough was tempting but Hannibal reminded himself that even now he would be hurting his intended and forced himself to stay slow but deep.
The alpha realised after a few minutes that he was breathing just as heavily from the exertion of regulating his pace but lost all thought at the sweet, almost surprised 'oh' emitted from the omega as his cock brushed against Will's sweet spot. With that he allowed himself to increase the pace of his thrusts, finally rocking the omega forward to press against the mattress. There would likely be some small tears tomorrow along with the fresh bruising of his fingers along Will's hips.

As the knot began to swell inside him Will obediently curved up his throat. A satisfied growl rumbled in Hannibal's chest as he drank in the offered flesh but lowered his mouth to bite down into Will's shoulder instead of the offered bonding gland. After his knot had sealed them together Hannibal carefully rearranged Will on his side, tucking the petite body into the curve of his own.

After a few moments of silence Will raised his fingers to the unbroken skin of his throat. "Why?"

A bond could not be made official outside of heat but his sweet little omega didn't know that. He would have to earn it by his next heat.

“You must understand the reason why I cannot mate you. It would not be too unreasonable to accept you as a third but as you know, a primary mate must be much better stock and unquestionably pure and intact. ”

“Then what am I?” Will asked hesitantly, twisting his head back to look at the other.

“My concubine. But, as I have no immediate plans to mate, I will take good care of you and regardless of whether this changes I can guarantee a future for any children you give me." Hannibal reinforced the statement by laying a hand onto Will’s navel and stroking. The fragile fetus already growing beneath his hand would not begin to show for months yet but the wisps of ripe, sweetness in Will’s scent was unmistakable. A malady quite easily fixed with a certain drug regime thanks to several of his more openminded colleagues.

Hannibal felt Will futilely try to move several times in the following hour, feigning sleep himself, until his knot had deflated enough to release his omega.

“Is something the matter?” Hannibal asked, bringing one hand casually to rest on the omega’s thigh under the sheets.

“I didn’t mean to wake you,” Will croaked in response, ignoring the question. “It’s nothing.”

“Anything that bothers you enough to interrupt sleep is not nothing, Will.” Hannibal let the silence linger for several minutes confident that Will would confide seemingly by his own decision.

“I just thought it was going to be over.” Will didn’t need to elaborate on what uncomfortable occurrence he was referring to. “I can’t talk about it at least not now.”

Hannibal reluctantly let Will awkwardly clamber from the bed and down the hall to the bathroom rather than the connected ensuite with a hiss of pain that the movement caused. After a moment's silence he heard running water as the omega no doubt tried to rid himself of as much physical evidence of their coupling, the sound blocking out any further sobs.

Despite his omega’s lingering skittishness the satisfaction of having Will in his house was unquestionably worth it. Hannibal had been prepared for the tension to hang over the house considerably longer than it had after his own lapse in control. He had been harsh with his words, more so than strictly necessary in a situation where trust was already difficult to cultivate. To his own internal frustration Hannibal had refrained from initiating any further intimacies beyond sleeping in the same bed. As a gesture of good faith he had not refused when Will meekly asked permission to enrol in a course at the community college in town.

“It’ll only be a few classes a week,” Will had reasoned.

Hannibal expected Will understood that nothing could realistically come of any attempt to further his education but the boy would find plenty of that rejection in others without hearing it from his alpha. Still having something to do rather than simply playing house seemed to make Will happy and it was quite endearing seeing the boy attentively poring over textbooks.

It had only taken a few days for them to settle into an easy enough routine and little over a fortnight before Will began tentatively seeking out touch from the alpha of his own accord. For someone so clearly intelligent and remarkably perceptive of others Will remained easily susceptible to manipulation and no less vulnerable to natural omegan instincts when correctly steered. Similarly to how well Will had responded to his obedience conditioning during their subtle courtship, the primal portion of his mind was far too practical to create conflict with his alpha especially considering he was now pregnant. The alpha had amused himself wondering how and when Will would decide to tell him but halfway through their second month had to conclude that Will was unaware of the signs his body was trying to communicate.

Feeling the older man's heated gaze on him Will glanced up from the counter.

"What?" The omega sounded more amused than uncomfortable.

"Come here." Hannibal wrapped an arm around the narrow waist to bring his omega closer and tilted up the boy's chin, scenting deeply. "Something's changed."

"Would you care to repeat that?"

"I don't have to have have it," Will mumbled without looking up. "If you don't want it…"

"Consider what you just suggested, Will. Do you wish me to jeopardise my reputation let alone your mental health, by letting my omega get an abortion for any reason other than medical necessity?"

Unlike the simply controversial topic among beta women, a claimed omega and their mate were required to provide certified proof that the mother was incapable, either physically or mentally unfit to justify an abortion.

"I thought you wouldn't want a child that might not be yours," Will whimpered, swiping a hand across his eyes against the tears threatening to escape. The offending home pregnancy test was still clutched between the shaking fingers of his other hand.

"A child that cannot be mine, Will as you know very well. And now, you have begun to worry that I will cast you out over this deception, as is my right to do."

Will recoiled as if physically struck, sinking to the floor, breathing almost to the point of hyperventilation.

"Do you really think so little of me?" Hannibal said more gently. "I will consider how best to handle this situation."

Will grasped the offered hand and let the alpha pull him back to his feet.

“We will discuss this later.”

Hannibal heard the quiet footsteps but didn’t look up, putting away the notes he’d been working on although his fingers remained stationary on the harpsichord keys. He had spent the majority of the morning and afternoon in his study after gentling Will back to sleep. His little omega was still shaken by the news.

Without speaking Will settled on the floor at his feet, resting his forehead against the alpha’s shin and baring the line of his throat. After a few moments of silence Hannibal moved one hand to stroke through the silky curls.

“I do not blame you, Will,” Hannibal said. “Evidently an error was made by the lab over your samples and that was not your fault.” He heard Will sigh in relief and lean into the comforting touch. “Even if you were to feel confident now I do not believe your nature would allow you to deal with the emotional trauma of an abortion longterm. I simply can’t condone that unless you are positive beyond any doubt that you would incapable of caring for the child.”

“Do you want children?” Will asked quietly after a long pause.

Hannibal slipped his hand down from Will’s hair to cradle his face, turning his head up gently. “Until recently I hadn’t paid an awful lot of thought to it. But if it were with you then yes.”

Will still looked unconvinced, the alpha coaxing him off the floor into his lap and slipping his free hand to stroke over Will’s still flat stomach.

“I won’t feel any different about this one then I would about any you and I would have later.”

Chapter End Notes

scheming cannibal noises

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

The heat sex that everyone asked me for is here!

Trigger warning: infant death and unsettling imagery in that department. While it's nothing compared to the canon typical violence I have raised the rating from mature to explicit purely for the brief depictions of violence towards children.

Hannibal hadn't found his own interests lessoned as Will's due date approached. A purely primal response, of course, making the signs of fertility so pleasing even though he was not the father.

It was by ingrained instinct that he was aroused by fertility, an evolutionary response to ensure alphas did not tire off their mates during their most vulnerable and dependant time. As the pregnancy progressed Will continued to show signs of developing affection for the child. Over the final two months he would become increasingly docile and submissive, appreciating the value a child could bring him albeit subconsciously.

"Hannibal," Will whimpered. His arms had begun to shake with the strain of holding himself up against the alpha's thrusts but didn't make any attempt to stop him. Hannibal complied silently, wrapping one arm around Will's chest to yank him back into the older man's lap.

"Look up darling," Hannibal said softly. "Eye contact is important in social interaction as well as intimate situations."

Will didn't respond, slumping forward wearily. After coming twice just from penetration the little omega looked ready to pass out.

The alpha sighed and wound one hand through Will's hair, yanking his head back and kissing him lavishly. He continued to grind lazily against the body in his lap while watching their entwined forms in the mirror he had moved to the foot of the bed. His omega was currently a feast for all his senses and he wished to enjoy in him as much as physically possible.

.....

Will had been quiet and withdrawn even based on his prior behaviour. He had not resisted Hannibal carrying him to the shower and redressing him but silently refused food and had begun to cry at the suggestion of using the breast pump to help with the persistent leaking, his body still not adjusted to the loss of the baby. Curled on the nursery floor with his head and folded arms resting against the bars of the crib, he looked much younger than eighteen.

There had been no need to hold a funeral for a nameless child, a boy only a few days old, another sad case of SIDS.The cremated ashes had not quite filled a small sandwich bag.

"If you don't eat tomorrow I will have to restrain and force feed you," Hannibal said gently, kneeling down beside him and smoothing curls back from Will's face.

"I'm sorry, " Will murmured, forcing a smile although his eyes were still swollen with recent tears. “I thought I’d be relieved, horrible as it sounds, but I'm not. Even after everything I think I started to want it.”

"Come to bed."

Will allowed himself to be helped up, guided back to the bedroom and urged to lie down. Hannibal gently but firmly pushed Will down onto his back and began to peel off the top layer of his clothes.

“What are you doing?”

The fear etched across his boy's face was completely unfounded, Hannibal thought as he loosened his tie and shrugged off his shirt and vest. Although he did not plan on forcing himself on Will while his body was still healing the omega was his property and had no right to deny him anything.

"No, please,no,” Will whimpered as his under shirt was stripped away. The swell of his empty stomach was still noticeable.

"Calm down, Will." Without much effort Hannibal pinned the omega beneath him, trapping his wrists and working baggy sweatpants down one handed. “Gentling is more effective on bare skin.”

Will started to squirm and sob quietly as he was stripped down to his underwear.

Keeping Will’s arms pinned Hannibal sat back up against the headboard and dragged him into his lap, arranging them so the omega’s face was tucked into the hollow of his collarbone. He kept one arm firmly wrapped around Will to hold him in place and trailing gentle caresses up his back with the other hand. After a few minutes the boy began to calm, his heartbeat dropping to a more regular beat.

“It has only been two weeks since we lost your child and I have not been as supportive as I should have." He listened as Will’s breathing gradually decreased in it’s rapid pace as the sobs into his chest reduced to hiccups. “But as much as it hurts you must remember this feeling. You were very irresponsible for most of your life but you are finally submitting to your body's repressed urges. I’m so proud of you.”

Will swallowed down another sob, trying to control himself. “If I’d put him back in the crib, then the monitor would have gone off when he stopped breathing…”

Will was already asleep when he came to bed, the baby laying on his chest still suckling greedily. The baby whined softly as it was removed from Will’s arms, curling tiny hands into

fists. Hannibal laid the bundle back on the bed close enough to his mate as to discourage any crying, just in case the sedative he'd slipped into Will's tea wouldn't be enough…

"Will, do not do that to yourself," Hannibal interrupted sharply. "There was no way to predict this and no point in useless 'what ifs'."

Will curled further into the older man's chest and Hannibal gladly held him as he cried softly, easing the pair of them back to lay down. Breathing in the sweetly scented curls, matured slightly with having given life, he couldn't miss a trace of heat musk.

In the wake of losing a baby, Will's next heat would most likely last longer than the average four to seven days as his body doubled it's efforts to conceive again.

Hannibal had been careful not to mention the heightening in Will's scent, the ripened sweetness tinged with the earthy musk of fertility that ensured he would be in heat again within twenty-four hours.

Only a few hours after they had retired for the night Hannibal was roused by Will writhing against him still half asleep, pheromones seeping off his damp skin in waves. The alpha fumbled for the bedside lamp before dragging off the covers and settling himself above the trembling omega.

"Hannibal," Will gasped as Hannibal breathed in deeply from his pulse point, tongue darting out to taste. The boy squirmed futilely trying to press back into the older man.

"Shh, stay still," Hannibal growled into the back of Will's neck.

Will obeyed but continued to whimper as Hannibal roughly pulled off his sleeping shirt and boxer shorts, continuing to taste down the omega's throat and back. He paused as he reached Will's hips laying a kiss on the small of his back before sucking a final mark into his skin, leaving a rough trail of ownership down to the boy's arse.

"Hannibal please!" Will groaned.

The alpha smirked, sitting back to remove his pyjamas, tapping Will's hip. "Kneel up."

Will hurriedly pushed himself into position, shifting his legs further apart at the gentle coaxing. Hannibal gripped the narrow hips as he slowly pressed into the tight wet heat. The heat hormones and abundance of slick would help to dull the pain but Will still groaned loudly. Hannibal released Will's hip with one hand, caressing up and down his back and covering his face and neck with kisses, murmuring words of comfort into Will's curls.

The pace he set was slower than the alpha would have liked, giving his omega's body, still tight and resisting despite the amount of slick, time to adjust but was encouraged as Will began to press his hips back to meet each thrust. As his knot began to catch on Will's rim Hannibal nuzzled back down his neck to the scent gland at the base of the omega's throat directly above his collarbone.

Will cried out at the feel of teeth breaking through his skin, Hannibal eagerly lapping up the stray droplets without halting his pace. His knot finally sealed them together and Hannibal carefully shifted them both onto their sides to wait out the tie. There was still some physical evidence of Will's first pregnancy visible in the greatly reduced paunch and slight swelling around his pectorals for nursing. Hannibal ran a hand up the pane of his omega's body, thumbing over one fleshy nipple to draw another gasp from the boy.

"What made you change your mind?" Will murmured squirming in the older man's arms enough to turn his head to look up at him. Hannibal smoothed the unruly curls back from Will's face before answering. He had noticed the way Will had ghosted his hand over the still raw claiming bite several times in the last few minutes.

On the few occasions he had taken Will with him to the opera house or a gallery Hannibal had introduced him simply as his ward and allowed his upperclass acquaintances to draw their own conclusions from the old fashioned lingo. Although an alpha having multiple mates was quite acceptable and many more had 'arrangements' with unmated omegas it was still not considered polite conversation.

"You have been my mate in everything but title and soon will be the mother to my children." Hannibal tightened his arm around Will's waist. "I have no interest in taking any other."

Sated for the next few hours and drowsy from his few moments of clarity Will was quick to fall asleep. Hannibal reached across to turn the light off and settled back beside his mate, one hand still resting over his abdomen.

Asphyxiation was often a much uglier method than most realised, resulting in telltale bruises and shattered nose and jaw on an adult who was capable of struggling but a newborn would not leave a trace unless it was examined professionally with that suspicion in mind…

Hannibal allowed himself a moment of amusement by imagining how their situation would have been handled by earlier forms of humans, in some ways not so much less civilised than the modern world. In several cultures the existing children of an omega who had been discarded, widowed or won would be disposed of by the new mate. Several masterpieces depicted scenes as recent as Middle Ages and early Tudors of infants torn from their mothers' arms and dashed against the nearest tree, the omegas then being taken immediately after before witnesses to publicly formalise the new claim. Times had changed yet some instincts could not ever be more than dormant.

Despite the passion he derived from transforming unworthy vermin into art, both material and culinary, Hannibal had felt no excitement or pleasure as he'd lifted one of the pillows and pressed the corner over the baby's mouth and nose. A simple necessary measure.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> Thank you once again to everyone who commented or left kudos. I have some leftover plans for this AU which may take the form of a sequel after I've completed The Hourglass. If not, also planning on doing a oneshot series later in the year to practice for NANO so if you have a prompt you'd like me to include please leave it in the comments or message me on Tumblr: crushedpetalsindust
>
> :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

15 Months Later

Hannibal leaned back to survey his prize, threading one hand through Will's curls as his omega sucked his cock.

"You're doing very well," he murmured, tightening his grip as he felt his knot swelling, forcing the base past Will's teeth so the hardened tip was pressing against the back of the omega's throat.

Will gagged around the first round of come, swallowing awkwardly around the obstruction, beautiful blue eyes wet with tears as he struggled to breathe around the knot lodged in his mouth.

Releasing his grip on Will's curls, Hannibal slipped one hand under the baggy dress shirt to rub over the barely noticeable baby bump as the other stroked the trembling boy's back. There was a certain satisfaction in seeing his mate dressed in nothing but one of his shirts, especially the way the material had ridden up slightly as Will crouched over his lap.

"Good behaviour deserves a reward," Hannibal said stroking lower, unbuttoning and pushing the shirt up for better access. The boy squeaked in surprise as two fingers traced up the inside of his thigh but automatically parted his legs further.

Will's muffled nosies continued as the alpha pushed both digits past the ring of muscle, finding the desired spot with practiced ease. It did not take long for the little omega to finish, mouth still locked around his mate's slowly softening cock. He breathed in raggedly as the diminished knot was finally eased out of his mouth and Hannibal carefully guided Will off his knees to allow them both to lie down.

"Hannibal?"

“Yes my love.” Hannibal carded one hand through Will’s curls as the boy nestled into him, letting his head rest on the older man's chest.

“I can’t loose another one. I…I just can’t.”

Will had miscarried twice in the past year, something almost unheard of in such a young and otherwise healthy omega. Since entering his second trimester Will had slowly begun to relax and believe rather than just hope that this time would be different. Regardless he remained nervous and did not take much persuading against leaving the house unnecessarily and undergoing anything more strenuous than simple housework.

Hannibal kissed Will’s curls and tugged the omega closer silently.

Will’s relief had been apparent after the twenty-four week scan showed no complications, the healthy swell no longer able to be masked by layers and loose clothing. Now well past the halfway point it seemed Will had finally started to think of names and forget the terror that had kept him more or less housebound for months. Despite the lingering morning sickness and fatigue his omega was in better spirits than he had ever seen him. Almost a pity…

Hannibal carefully cut along the semitransparent skin of the pill capsule, stirring the powder into the waiting tea. He took the time to pour the remaining murky, brown liquid down the drain before taking the drink back with him to the living room.

Will accepted the cup with a murmur of thanks but grimaced as he tasted the watery concoction. “What’s in this?”

“I know it’s a little pungent but I have found the effects quite useful in the past. If you are insistent about not taking any medication to help with your symptoms then a natural remedy is the only compromise,” Hannibal chided as he settled back on the couch beside his mate. Despite the healthy, hormonal glow in his cheeks the omega looked frayed and exhausted after one too many nights without enough sleep and loosing half of what he ate within an hour.

“I just don’t want to take any risks.” Will’s grimace didn’t shift but he drank the tea without further verbal complaint.

Hannibal let them fall back into comfortable silence, Will huddled against him as he read an article off his iPad until he felt his mate begin to fidget, a barely audible groan escaping his lips.

“Will? Is something wrong?”

“I don’t think it’s working,” Will mumbled. His book had fallen to the floor as one hand cradled his head and the other clutched at his swollen stomach. “I think I need to lie down.”

“Of course.” Hannibal helped his omega to stand and up the stairs.

“Stay with me?” Will asked weakly, catching hold of the alpha’s arm as he made to go after tucking him into their bed.

“Shh, I won’t be long,” Hannibal reassured him gently.

Hannibal made himself wait an additional two hours before heading back upstairs, remembering to wrap up the shrivelled dregs from the teapot to dispose of later. The strong, earthy taste would be enough to disguise the pill just as the effects of the diluted brew made with hallucinogenic mushrooms would prevent Will from being aware of the more concentrated, manmade drug at work through his body.

Will groaned incoherently as his alpha slipped into bed behind him but eagerly pressed his hips back in invitation. Hannibal noted that the boy had already discarded his sleep clothes, his lightly perspired body responding beautifully to his touch though his mind would be peacefully clouded.

“If you knew what you did to me,” Hannibal mused aloud as he coaxed the omega to spread his legs, preparing him quickly as his other hand moved straight to the drawstring on his pyjama pants.

“H-Hannibal…?” Will’s eyes opened sharply as the alpha pushed into him. The hallway light cast shadows he didn’t remember noticing before, crawling and slithering across the wall and carpet but falling short before they reached the bed. More unsettling though, was the scrape against his overly sensitive skin, a taloned hand dragging over the taught skin of his belly down to stroke between his legs in time with the creature’s thrusts. He whimpered, screwing his eyes shut again...

A dry coppery smell had been the first thing Hannibal was aware of, the pained whimpers that had roused him the second. He fumbled for the bedside lamp.

“Something’s wrong,” Will groaned, his beautiful features contorted in pain.

Hannibal lifted the sheet slowly although he could recognise the metallic tang of blood. The insides of Will’s thighs were stained and more continued to collect on the sheets, curled on his side as he clutched his stomach, almost doubled over in pain.

Wordlessly Hannibal dressed quickly and scooped up his mate, still naked save for the sheet.

“Not again, please not again,” Will whimpered weakly as Hannibal deposited him in the back of the Bentley. The alpha stroked his cheek once but didn’t answer. There was no need to phone for an ambulance when it was already too late even if he had wanted medical attention to try and intervene.

Will pressed a kiss to the baby's head before handing it back to the nurse. The barely formed little girl had been born dead.

"Obviously it's your choice how to proceed but I wouldn't recommend any further attempts to conceive naturally. Other options-"

"Thank you," Hannibal interrupted, dismissing the uncouth doctor although taking note of his face and the printed name tag. After the door had clicked shut a second time, finally leaving them alone, Hannibal pulled his chair closer to the bed, deftly tucking his mask back into place as the omega withdrew both hands into his lap and shifted away from him.

"It's time to go home now, Will."

"No."

"No?"

Will raised his head at last, eyes wide and bloodshot from tears though his face was oddly blank. "Why did you make me want something I'm never going to able to have?

"Will…" Hannibal rose from his chair, reaching out again.

"Don't touch me, just tell me the truth for once!" Will struggled and threw off the attempts at gentling, tears beginning to wet his cheeks again.

Hannibal had not anticipated the exact reaction but easily caught hold of Will's wrists one at a time, pinning them to his chest as he manoeuvred the resistant body back onto the hospital bed, keeping his omega pinned beneath him.

Will continued to push feebly against his chest for a few more minutes before falling still, quiet and exhausted.

"My beautiful little, broken thing," Hannibal sighed, tracing up the tear track left on Will's cheek with his free hand. "You must be careful with outbursts like that; if anyone had seen that there may have been doubt on whether it was safe to discharge you today."

Three days later

"It does not have to be permanent," Hannibal said gently. "But I can't bear to see you go through the same grief again so soon." As he spoke he placed the opened packet of birth control pills on the bedside table, one pill resting on top of the box just within Will's reach.

Perhaps one day he would allow a pregnancy to reach full term. The possibility of seeing a spark of the same beauty that had drawn him to Will in a child was almost enough on it's own to compensate for the negatives. He had no doubt that in time Will would begin to peak behind the human veil obscuring the alpha's true nature and when that time came the additional bond could prove to be useful, as was the reminder of how much the omega had to lose beyond the risk to his own life.

It was a true mark of the progress he had made that after a long pause, Will accepted the birth control pill without a word of protest or argument.

Chapter End Notes

There's a lot of vague drug references as well as several fictional products. Please be gentle with me as most of my sources are secondary with some fabrication.

End Notes

As always, any feedback is very appreciated :)

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